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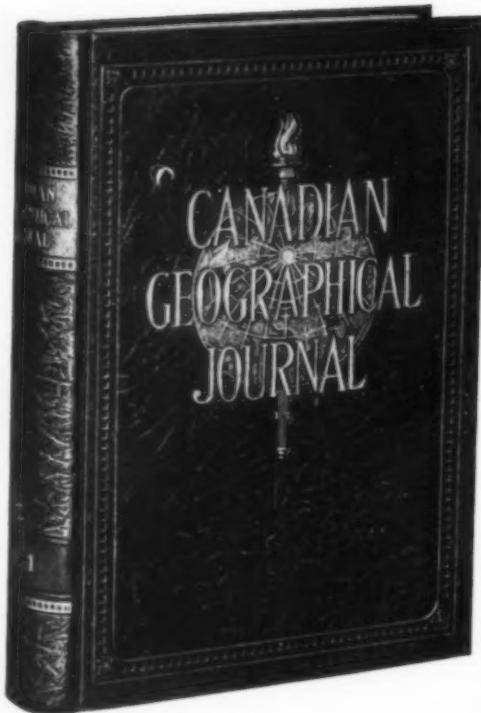
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IN A LAURENTIAN COTTAGE

A woodcut by Miss Katherine Gray.
Reproduced by courtesy of the artist and
of "The Seigneur", magazine of the
Seigniory Club.



A village in the heart of the Laurentians. From the painting by Clarence A. Gagnon, R.C.A., in the National Gallery of Canada.

In the Heart of the Laurentians

By MARIUS BARBEAU

ISOLATION long has invested Charlevoix in the Laurentians with a peculiar charm. The old French-Canadian villages in that mountainous district, along the St. Lawrence, northeast of Quebec, are unlike anything else. Their people are quaint and 'insular' in their speech, their ways and habitations. Something about them makes one think of the Kingdom beyond the Moon of their ancient folk tales. For two hundred years they have lived by themselves, and the spell of a fairy-like enchantment is not yet quite broken.

To visit them an outsider till recently had to land from a river boat with large side-wheels either at Cap-au-Diable (Devil's Cape), near the Gouffre (Whirlpool) and Baie-Saint-Paul, or at Les Eboulements, La Malbaie and Pointeau-Pie. That was the only means of approach. And it must be done in the

mild season, for the whole district was ice and snow-bound for several months every year. The winter trail over the mountains from Quebec, sixty or eighty miles long, was only fit for the Royal Mail in the sack of one of the hardiest couriers in the land. Just a few beside him ever braved its hardships. A lady in the seigneur's family at Les Eboulements, who had missed the last sailing ship, is known to have perished, one late autumn, while on her way over the hills towards Cap-Tourmente. One relay, on a bleak slope two thousand feet high, broke the journey, and the snow part of the way reached the tree tops. Blizzards and ice-laden winds from the Gulf and Belle-Isle raged up the hillsides and swept the wooded summits. But sunshine in the summer changed that wilderness into a paradise for flowers and wild life.



The church of Les Eboulements, built in 1806, with a fine gable and spire in the old Canadian style. Burnt down two years ago.

When I first landed from the wheel-boat at Les Eboulements, fifteen years ago, my secret wish was at last fulfilled. For I had heard of this place since my school days. It was like venturing into the haunts of Merlin, whose fame as a wizard was familiar like barley-bread, or of Petit-Jean, the giant-killer of ancient folk tales. I had come to collect tales and songs and had been promised a rich reward. The Lorette folk had told me, "My dear man, there is no place like the hills beyond Cap-Tourmente for that kind of fun. The people there still gather at night to sing folk songs and tell fairy tales. And they drink good bootleg—jamaica, curacoa . . ."

Unlike Baie-Saint-Paul, which I had seen in a deep bay at a distance, Les Eboulements sits sideways along the shore-line. Village houses dot the road down the river; cottages on a high terrace behind glitter in their whitewash under the setting sun. At the upper end of the village a peninsula juts out, as if to meet us. The winds and the tides keep nibbling at its bluffs; they have left in their wake a sand beach that breathes the salt sea, and round dark rocks here and there, amid which seals often yelp



The farms along the road on the plateau between Les Eboulements and Baie-Saint-Paul.



The "manoir" of Baie-Saint-Paul, built in 1718; once one of the finest examples of the homes of the old families of Quebec. Destroyed by fire a few years ago.

playfully. Young folk, as we land, watch them with their shot-guns.

The narrow ribbon-like shore forms, as it were, part of the mighty river. But the people climb the mountain up a broad curve two thousand feet high. Les Eboulements village is perched near the top, far away. We could see its church up there. It was ablaze, though without smoke, when we arrived. A flaming beam shot riverwards from its front gable. But it only was the rays of the setting sun playing on its windows. A road in front of us zigzagged up the terrace-like bluffs, soon to busy itself under foliage. Its name is rightly 'Côte-de-la-Misère', Misery-Hill.

The abruptness of that mountain-side and the raggedness of the peninsula at its feet reminded me of a story I had heard years before, when a schoolboy on the opposite shore, about thirty miles away. In the year of the 'Great Darkness' long ago, all of New France experienced a fabulous cataclysm. The earth for days rocked on its foundation, while the sun veiled its face in utter darkness. So we read in the *Jesuit Relations*. The ground split asunder



A bake-oven at Saint-Hilarion, behind Les Eboulements.



An old cedar barn with thatched roof at Saint Joseph des Ebolements. Corbeling to the right.

and engulfed houses and people. Indians and white villagers, terrified, expected to hear the trumpets of the Last Judgment, and they saw ghosts riding the sky in the twilight. Les Ebolements was the worse place of all. Part of the mountain tumbled into the river, thus forming a peninsula, more than half of which in time was washed away by the tides and the equinox. Thus began, so it is believed, the very name of Les Ebolements—Landslides.

After a few days at Les Ebolements, I heard of Louis l'Aveugle (The Blind), a famous character in the old style, blind from youth, yet able to travel unaided, reading the road in front of him with his cane of red birch. He would go with his fiddle from house to house, not as an ordinary beggar—the term would have been a gratuitous insult—but as a nomad in his birthright. With no home of his own, he owned no less than two counties, Charlevoix and Chicoutimi; and they were far from grudging him a subsistence. Always welcome, he knew that “the door is on the latch (*la porte est sur la clanche*)”, as the saying goes. The fun he brought to his hosts was indeed worth a lot, for he was brimful of riddles, stories and songs. This heritage he had received from his father, whose name no one knew for sure—a Simard, so

named like many others in that district. And he carried his burden lightly, for no one was happier than he under the bright sun.

No sooner did Louis ‘the blind’ appear anywhere than the people started up and exclaimed, “He’s arrived!” He meant Louis, the jolly good fellow, the wizard. It could be no other; no one was like him. The children gathered in a circle around him, giving him no time to breathe. They wanted to hear him sing *Pyrame et Thisbé*, a ballad-like song, accompanied on his fiddle. And he would instantly humour them.

He could go anywhere, stay with whoever he pleased, but he was discriminating. He chose the best places, the best table and the finest feather bed. And he had a good “stomach” memory (*mémoire du ventre*).

The night of his arrival, the folk gathered around him, wherever he stayed for a “*veillée*.” There he brought fresh news; he was an ambulant newspaper. And he knew everybody a hundred miles around. A child was born here; an old man had himself buried there . . . He had lived on so many years, death had almost forgotten him. And so went the news. He lavished gossip and entertainment upon all. His wits and utter candour were disarming. And the



The dam and bridge at La Terrière mill.

storehouse of his yarns, his tales and his songs was inexhaustible.

Like the others, I wanted to meet Louis 'the blind', that summer. But it was not easy to find out where he was. No one knew. His visits in recent years had been few and far between. He was growing old, was seldom seen. The only clue at hand was that he was wont to come to Saint-Irénée for the feast of Ste. Anne, on the 26th of July.

A few days before the feast of Ste. Anne, I packed my phonograph and decided to go from Les Eboulements to Saint-Irénée, on a chance of meeting him there. It was not easy to move from one place to another in those days, even if only ten miles away. A railway was not yet running its trains at the foot of dangerous cliffs or through tunnels, from Quebec to Murray Bay; nor were there decent summer roads over the precipitous hills, from one to two thousand feet high. But travelling by wheel-boat was picturesque. We seemed to embark upon a moss-back frog that splashed about in the waters. But beware the river winds when the moment for touching the wharf arrived, or else the prow was smashed and splinters flew!

I was delighted to hear, the morning after I arrived at Saint-Irénée, below Les Eboulements, that Louis l'Aveugle

had indeed just arrived for the feast of Ste. Anne. Soon after I saw him slowly walking along the road, his cane feeling the walk in front of him. Though I never had seen him, I recognized him by his long white hair and unusual oval face, his vacant stare—that of a blind man, and the quiet assurance of his demeanour. He owned the place, and thoroughly enjoyed coming home after a long absence. I spoke to him. At once he seemed to know me. I was an old friend. He used the pronoun 'tu' (thou) to me, as one does to a familiar friend or a child.

"Come in and sit down!" he said. We stopped right there, and walked into the house. Whoever were the hosts I did not know. But he did. We sat down and began our conversation. He understood at once that I wanted folk tales and songs from him, like all the others, young or old. What else to expect! Yes, he would gladly tell me all I wanted to hear, from the time Adam and Eve partook of the apple under a tree!

—"But not just now! In a few days, or a week perhaps," he said.

—"Why not now?" I wondered. I had come a long way just to hear him. Must I go back disappointed?

I was not the only one from afar, he wished me to remember. He had come



Mme. Gédéon Bouchard, 80 years old, of *Les Eboulements*. She knew many fairy tales.

all the way on foot from Mille-Vaches, on the North shore towards Labrador, and that is not next door! This he did every year, for a pilgrimage. He came back to Saint-Irénée, where he was born, for the feast of Ste. Anne, to confess his sins to the priest and for communion—really a serious affair. His spiritual house-cleaning, no less! That would change him into a cherub, all white, with a nimbus around his head! But the search for his sins and the spiritual scrubbing was all that he could undertake for a few days. No songs, no tales, no fiddle meanwhile. They were worldly, if not at times a bit sinful.

I tried to coax him, offered him so much per hour for a remuneration. But money would go nowhere with him. I must wait till the next week to really begin. But he would give me samples of what he could do, to whet my appetite—a few songs tossed overboard.

Soon he began to warm up, and might have spent the whole morning at it.

But the hostess, casual as she was, brought this to an end with a cup of coffee for both of us. We parted for a few days.

As the district was new to me, I tried to find my bearings. The people were leisurely and old-fashioned. They greeted me as I went by. I could come in, if I liked and look at the homespun, the bedspreads and *portières boutonnées*, with lovely coloured designs—diamonds, crosses, clover leaves, flower pots and trees like candle-holders. The flannel was brightly striped with red and apple green. Country chairs, made of maple, retained their rich natural colour, but were enriched with age; or they were lacquered in red or sky blue—two tuneful colours that are the preference of rural Quebec. I noticed somewhere an old Rouen inkstand, the shape of a heart, blue and white. It had come all the way from France during the French period, a rare piece! Yes, I could have it, for a trifle. I still keep it. Rouen pottery in Canada



Ovide Simard, a villager 89 years old, of *Baie-Saint-Paul*; a singer of folk songs.

is very scarce, as it is elsewhere, except in museums and art galleries.

Where to spend the next few days was the question. Saint-Irénée is new compared with its neighbours. What is its hundred years compared with the three hundred of Baie-Saint-Paul, Isle-aux-Coudres or Tadoussac! Murray Bay is the next place, with its manoir and fashionable resort. There was also a summer hotel on the beach at Saint-Irénée, where Quebec people spend the summer. And the fine Forget farm houses stood on the hill, among rows of Lombard poplars. Other places seemed preferable to me, older, with the country folk as they should remain, unspoilt.

The villagers there have friendly nicknames for each other, I soon found out. The Murray Bay people are known as 'Les Dindes', Turkeys—they raise turkeys; those of Isle-aux-Coudres, the island settlement opposite, where the discoverer Jacques Cartier landed and planted a cross, are called 'Les Marsouins', Porpoises—they catch whole schools of porpoises for oil in their fish fences at the



"Père" Joseph Mailloux, at Les Eboulements, 80 years old; a noted "raconteur."

high tides in the spring and the autumn; the Eboulements people were 'Les Béliers,' Rams—why, I could never know. Perhaps they were stubborn, as I sometimes noticed. Most of those people bear the same names, only a few. The stock was very limited at the beginning. By name they are either Tremblay, Bouchard, Simard... Edmond Tremblay, the baker where I stayed, told me that two-thirds of his customers at Eboulements were Tremblays and 'tout le tremblement,' as he called it.

Beyond Eboulements to the west, there were 'Les Loups' of Baie-Saint-Paul—'The Wolves.' Why 'The Wolves'? I enquired. "Because they are thievish," was the answer, "in fact, no more thievish than the others—perhaps less." La Petite-Rivière is further up the Saint Lawrence, a few miles beyond Baie-Saint-Paul. Its people are called 'Les Têtes d'Anguilles'—Eel's heads, because they catch eels in large quantities



Sawing wood in the winter at La Malbaie.



The Seminary flour mill at Baie-Saint-Paul, perhaps the most ancient and best preserved in the province. It goes back to the end of the seventeenth century.



Two old wood carvings found by Mr. Barbeau in a joiner's work-shop at Les Eboulements. They formerly were part of a reredos in the church and were carved soon after the Conquest (1759).

in their long eel fences on the mud flats.

So I had my choice between the Turkeys, the Porpoises, the Rams, the Wolves or the Eels. Or I might stay at Saint-Irénée. This was the home of the Simards, where Louis 'the Blind' was not the only singer. Boily-le-remancheur, a popular character, lived there, the man who sets bones aright when they get out of joint. Everybody believed in him, a sort of miracle-man.

The small villages inland, on the high plateau of the Laurentians, were worth an immediate visit. Ancient customs thrived there, in the total absence of strangers; at Sainte-Agnès, for instance, on a beautiful lake; at Saint-Hilarion, on the hillside; at Saint-Pascal, where lived old Mailloux, the story teller; or in the valley up Rivière-du-Gouffre (Whirlpool River), which empties into the Saint Lawrence at Baie-Saint-Paul. The only embarrassment was that of riches.

The places have such suggestive names that it is interesting to know what their people look like, at le Poste-des-Bœufs—Oxen-post; la Côte-de-Monte-à-peine—Break-neck-hill; le Rang-du-Pisse—Dry-udder-row; or la Descente-des-femmes—Women-go-down. Folk songs still were the fashion in those places. So I was told. People still gathered in 'veillées', and revelled in the spell-binding tales of 'Père' Mailloux, Marcel Tremblay, Jean Bouchard and others.

So I went up into the hills, to my entire satisfaction. For a week I lived there in fairyland. The diet was poor; and the beds, made of straw. But it was worth the experience. For all I heard most of the time was of enchanted kingdoms, some of them under the Red Sea, others on the Crystal Mountain, or a Thousand Leagues beyond the Sun.

The rustic folk are not rich; yet they lack nothing essential. They are certainly happier than town people. Many of them migrated to the United States, some years ago. "There were so many people going away at one time," they said, "that the parish priest was glad to leave the place. He was heart-broken. But that time is of the past. Some of them come back, no richer than before, perhaps less.

When the day came for my appointment with Louis 'the Blind', I wondered whether he would remember his appointment. He was there on the

dot, quite the same as before, without a halo. We sat down to work, I taking his narratives in shorthand and his songs on the phonograph. Songs and tales piled up fast. One followed another in quick succession. "Hola!" he would exclaim. "Patientez, mon ami! Friend, wait a minute! You mistake me for a song book. You turn the page and there is the thing! But the devil is in the song (*le diable est dans la chanson!*)" And he would turn his brain inside out to find it. The whole trouble was with



The Ascension of the Virgin, part of an old reredos at the first Eboulement church; discovered in a garret.

the first word. Once you have it, the rest goes on like clock-work.

My phonograph cylinders ran out before the end of the third day. There were 93 songs in my bag, and some of the best too. Never had I hoped for so many in so little time. As we had nothing else to do, Mme Simard, the hostess, decided to have a *veillée*. There I would hear more tales as they are told, trimmings and all.

The *veillée* began early, even before all the guests had arrived. Père Mailloux was there, the most dramatic of the folk tale tellers, a real artist. His diction was fine and his delivery unmatched. Mme Jean Bouchard, the singer of sad *complaintes* had come from Cap-aux-ôies (Goose-cape); and several others were anxious as usual to vie with each other in telling yarns and share in the fun.

Now the tale was told of the Princesse du Tombozo, a princess that tricked Petit-Jean out of his magic treasures, but was the worse for it in the end. He gave her plums from a fairy which made her nose grow a foot long. Thereafter her name was "Princess with a real nose." The next tale was John the Bear, Teur-merisier—Birch-twister, who could twist a birch between his fingers as soon as he came of age; Merlin, the hero of mediaeval literature; Red-heel (Talon-rouge); and the Dragon with Seven Heads.

The people talked so much that they grew thirsty. But there was only root beer to drink. Hm! not as in the good old days, not so long ago! The rum then, and the curacao, flowed as if from a spring. Tears almost came to the eyes of those present who had known better times. Bootleg pure and simple, but the best, all of it so cheap, next to nothing!

Yes, the people along this coast were fine sailors. They used to travel long distances, to Anticosti, Newfoundland and Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon. They brought back barrels of fine spirits and liqueurs, which they hid in their barns. Then they passed it on to friends for a penny a drink. *Contrebandiers* (bootleggers) made quite a bit out of it, but never grew wealthy.

Fortin hid kegs of jamaica and curacao under the hay in his barn. There he held court and his friends came around with empty cans. When he was asleep, one night, a neighbour went there alone and turned the tap. But the 'smell' went to his head. He dropped the candle into the hay. The hay was too dry; it flared up. The barn turned into a live torch and painted the sky red.

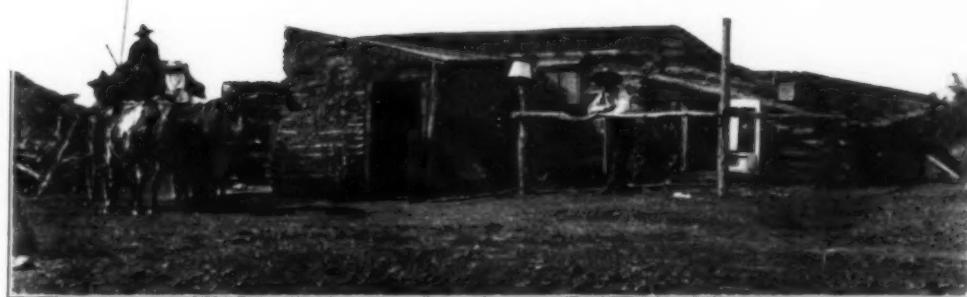
Poor Fortin! that broke his back. And he happened to have a weak spine. He left for the United States with his family, to work 'on the whistle' (*sur le sifflet*) in the brickyards. He should have remembered that 'the devil's money turns to bran.'



Manor House of the old Seigniory of La Salle La Terrière at Les Eboulements.

THE OLD PRAIRIE HOMESTEAD

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD



DEVELOPMENT of the agricultural resources of the Great Plains area of Western Canada had to await the coming of the railway. When George Stephenson built a steam engine that would run on wheels he also built Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and the thousand other prairie centres which the railway has made possible. His invention gave them birth or converted them from romantic and isolated fur-trading posts into busy towns and cities based on wheat and the other products of the farm.

But romance did not pass out with the buffalo, or give up the ghost with the whistle of the first locomotive. Instead, she adapted herself to the new conditions. She abandoned the post of the fur-trader to invest the humble cabin of the homesteader. Little though her presence was suspected, her touch illuminated the life of the pioneer; viewed through the distance of half-a-century her finger-prints are visible on his nation-building; the aura of her presence still colours a period in our national life which is rapidly passing into history.

The entry of British Columbia into Confederation in 1871 was conditioned upon the building of a railway across the prairies, and almost immediately adventurous settlers began to anticipate its construction and to push into "the

great lone land" west of the Red River. John Sanderson filed on the first Dominion Government homestead in Western Canada on July 2, 1872. He was one of those who first caught a vision of the agricultural possibilities of the West, and he actually lived to see the Canadian prairies yield more than four hundred million bushels of wheat in a single season. But construction of the railway was delayed and it was not until the formation of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in 1880 gave new life to the enterprise that the Western Fever began to quicken the pulse of settlers in the rural communities of Eastern Canada. The trickle of the late Seventies became a stream in the early Eighties—a stream which flowed out across the Red River Valley and found its way into the most remote parts of Manitoba, and beyond.

David Stark (let us call him) was a solid Ontario farmer who felt that call in his blood in the early Eighties. He was forty years old, married, had four children and a rock-bound farm from which he was able to wring a not-luxurious livelihood. He had known hard work since he was a child; it was built into his bone and muscle. His schooling was limited; he could read and write and figure simple sums. What he knew was work. What his wife knew was work. What his children



A cottage of plastered logs, roofed with thatch, at Verigin, Saskatchewan.

were learning was work. And it occurred to him and to his wife that perhaps they were not getting enough for all their labour.

That is what lies at the beginning of all voluntary migration—discontent. And when Discontent can stir to life her natural sister, Ambition, action follows. It was so with the Starks. They decided to move to Manitoba—a decision which called for more courage than is generally appreciated by contented Stay-at-homes. Migration is in itself a selective process of the first magnitude. In the case of the Starks it meant plunging into an untried country concerning which they had heard fabulous tales of land that could be ploughed without stumping and stoning, but where the hazards of Nature were in proportion to her prodigality. It meant a long and expensive journey through the United States, and their capital was small; it meant years of loneliness and perhaps hardship; abandonment of the old familiar scenes around which was wrapped the

glamour of their childhood; separation from relatives and the associates of a life-time. It takes courage to migrate. Perhaps that is why new countries have a way of overcoming the insuperable.

The Starks had courage. Behold them, then, at Emerson—on the boundary between Manitoba and Minnesota—on a windy day in early March after a week's travel on a mixed immigrant train through Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The mixed train carried carloads of live-stock and settlers' effects as well as passengers; its progress was slow and its accommodation far from luxurious. For a week the passengers have eaten out of lunch-boxes and slept in their day-clothes. But at Emerson all is activity: the cars are being unloaded, the horses are limbering their stiff joints, the cattle huddling stupidly together. A sleigh-train is being made up immediately for "points west", and every moment counts, for should the Spring freshets come before the settlers have reached their destination there will be weeks of disastrous delay.



A prairie homestead of the Eighties.

There are no roads except a trail across the snow; no bridges whatever, and some will travel two hundred miles before reaching their location.

Old friendships were broken a week ago, but new friendships have already been born—amazingly strong friendships for their short gestation—and already is in evidence that community spirit which is the greatest asset of pioneer countries. Everyone lends a hand and the sleighs are soon loaded with the settler's family and his most essential effects, the rest being stored in Emerson for a later journey. The freight includes family clothes and furniture, crates of live hens and pigs, provender and food, flower seeds, vegetable seeds, kitchen stoves and stove-pipes, a breaking plough, hammer, saw, nails, simple remedies. Much has to be left but the essentials must go. The women and children are packed in somehow; the horses are hitched ahead, the cattle are led behind; the dogs frisk in and out. There is much shouting and hustling and goodwill. And the day

closes over a crawling speck fading slowly into the night.

The Starks have selected their land. With the aid of maps and the simple Western system of survey they have located a half-section to their liking. One quarter — 160 acres — may be had as a free homestead subject to a filing fee of ten dollars and the performance of certain residence and improvement duties; the adjoining quarter may be reserved as a preemption for purchase later. A quarter-section is one-half mile square; a half-section is half-a-mile one way by a mile the other. David Stark can hardly believe his eyes that here is a whole mile of land which can be ploughed without the cutting down of a single tree or dodging around a single rock, but it is so. He is eager to get his plough into this virgin soil but the frost is not yet out of the ground. The days are warm; the water is draining off into prairie sloughs and rivulets; torrential little streams pour across the plains in unsuspected places; but there is still sharp frost at night, and the first



Before the days of the machine-driven plough.

problem is to provide shelter for family and animals. Frequently this is met by using some earlier settler's home as a base, but Stark is living in a tent and his horses and cows are finding what shelter they can in a coulée that cuts across the corner of his farm.

The nature of the settler's house is determined by the available building material. Much to the surprise of the new-comers, they find that the prairie country is not all prairie; after climbing the ancient sea-cost which marks the edge of the Red River Valley they have never at any time been out of sight of timber. Nor is it a level country, as they had expected. There are deep valleys, heavily wooded, poplars overflowing on to the surrounding plain; there are low ranges of mountains casting their forested silhouettes against the horizon. Between these forested areas the treeless prairies lay; usually the early settler in Manitoba was within hauling distance of timber suitable for fuel and building purposes.

Where timber was very scarce, or had to be hauled a great distance the sod house met the settler's immediate needs. Even this called for corner-posts and logs for plates and ridge-poles; there must also be light poles as a framework against which to build the sods,

and to carry the roof. The sods were ploughed in low, damp land, where there was sure to be a great mass of root fibre, holding the soil together; they were cut into sections about two feet long and piled one on top of the other, the joints over-lapping like huge bricks in a wall, tapering gently inward against the framework of poles which gave the necessary rigidity. The closely-laid poles of the roof were covered with grass or small branches of trees, then with sods, then with yellow clay dug from a hillside. After being well baked in the sun this clay was almost impervious to moisture. A door, a window, and a stove-pipe through the top completed the structure. From an aesthetic point of view it left something to be desired, but it was warm in winter and cool in summer and it cost practically nothing.

Settlers from Eastern Canada, however, were skilled in axe-work; they had the forest in their veins; to them the word "home" suggested a snug log house with shingled roof and boarded gable ends. Stark's first building was merely thrown together, a temporary shelter from the elements; during the summer he would have time to put up a house creditable to his axemanship and his Ontario training, but as soon as the upper



One of the ways of the Old World transplanted to the New.

four inches of soil were free of frost it was necessary to begin ploughing. Only by bringing some land under cultivation could he have a crop that year, and a crop stood between his family and starvation.

The wedding of the plough with the soil had in it something sacramental. Stark found the survey posts at the corner of his farm, stepped off a distance toward the interior, and set up stakes to guide his first furrow. Then he hitched his two horses to his plough, lined them up carefully with the stakes, tipped his share-point into the sod, and they were away. Mrs. Stark and the four children thronged beside him, for this was a great day in their history. The grass roots crackled under colter and share; innumerable yellow-hearted, mauve-flanked "erocuses" were turned over by the implacable mouldboard; the horses strained and panted under their load; the furrow lengthened until it faded into a thin black thread behind. In all his experience as a farmer Stark had known nothing like this. Land ready for the plough—and he had spent twenty years clearing as many acres! It seems too good to be true.

The settlers from Eastern Canada who peopled the prairies in the early days suffered many hardships, but they never

turned back. If they came East again it was to persuade relatives and friends to join them in the West. They gave their hearts over-night to the country of their adoption. The secret lies in many influences, but most of all in the fact that here was a land where the Creator had done the clearing. The back-breaking, sweat-starting, muscle-straining struggles with the forest gave place to the swinging stride in the mile-long furrow.

Stark broke ten acres of new land, harrowed it with a drag-harrow, and sowed it to wheat. He was able to buy seed wheat and oats from an earlier settler some twenty miles away, at prices which bore no relationship to Liverpool or Chicago quotations. The sowing had to be done by hand; the seeding-machine had not yet become a factor in farm production. He fastened an old piece of sacking loosely across a barrel-hoop, dumped a pailful of wheat into the depression inside the hoop, slung the contrivance at his waist-line by means of some old harness, and behold a sower went forth to sow. This was no new trick for him; he had learned it well on his Ontario farm. With his eyes fixed on a stake set for the purpose he walked straight to his objective, swinging handfuls of wheat



A picturesque relic of early days at Lloydminster.

right and left as he went. The prairie blackbirds, amazed at this unexpected largess, followed in flocks, and cheeky gophers sampled his wares, so that he found it necessary to harrow the seed under with as little delay as possible. Then he broke more land and planted it to oats. Near the site selected for his house he cultivated an acre with especial care and here was planted the family garden—potatoes, carrots, cabbages, onions, turnips—substantial, robust vegetables against the coming Fall and Winter.

Meanwhile he and his family were finding much to love in the new land. The snow was scarcely gone when the whole country-side was carpeted with flowers. The sky was amazingly blue; the distances were inexhaustible. Wild ducks were numerous and wild geese came in clouds; the old muzzle-loader kept the table well supplied. Suckers and pike were found in the streams. The country itself was taking on a new atmosphere, for settlers were trickling in. Already from a slight elevation on his farm he could count

the beginnings of settlement in half-a-dozen places. The crops were growing, the community was growing, and he shared the pleasure which comes from being associated with the soil and the everlasting miracle of reproduction.

The first summer afforded David Stark scarcely a moment of breathing-time, except when a sudden thunder storm riding gigantic clouds, awesome and terrific in their beauty and power, drove him to shelter. He ploughed more land; he hauled logs and hewed their sides and dove-tailed their ends, and his few but willing neighbours joined in the building of his house. A sawmill has been established within twenty miles, where oak joists, elm boards and poplar flooring and shingles could be had for the buying. He built a snug sod stable for the shelter of his horses and cattle. A trip to Emerson for supplies and effects which had been left in storage occupied a solid two weeks. He was able to borrow a mower from a neighbour with which he cut hay in the prairie sloughs. He ploughed fire-guards against the dry and dangerous days of Autumn. And



A typical Doukhobor home in a prairie settlement.

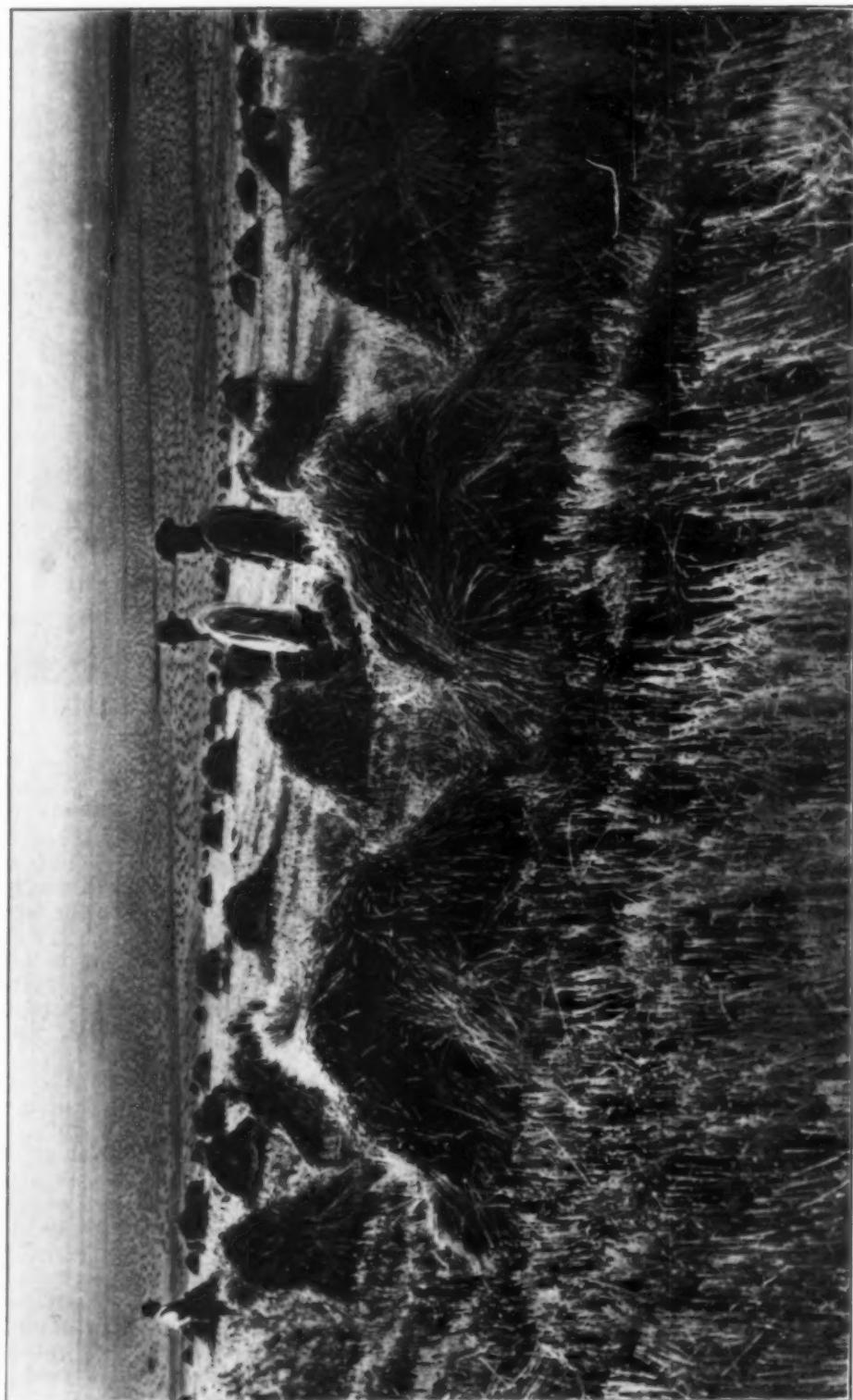
almost before he knew it his ripe wheat was clamouring for harvest.

Clubbing together, the neighbours bought a self-binder and freighted it in over the long trail from Emerson. The whole seeded area of the district was not then too great to be handled by one machine. As Stark drove it around his ten-acre field of wheat, watching the heavy sheaves fall with rhythmic precision from the knotter, he felt himself master of the world. No more back-breaking cradling, no more hand-binding. Machine production had arrived. It was a saver of sweat and muscle, and it cast no portend of the problem it would present to his successors fifty years later.

Co-operation among the early settlers was made easy by necessity. They combined to buy a threshing-machine, and in the cool October mornings the whine of its horse-power mechanism could be heard for miles across the prairie. The neighbours exchanged labour; there was practically no cash outlay. Bigger and better machines came later

but never any which threshed at so low a cost per bushel. When Stark counted his crop he had three hundred bushels of wheat and five hundred of oats. It was impracticable to haul to a market so far away as Emerson, but here were ample supplies for food and seed and a surplus to sell to new settlers the following Spring. For lack of granary-room he piled his wheat and oats in huge cone-shaped heaps in the field and covered them well with straw.

With the approach of Winter he improved his house and out-buildings against the rigours of the climate, and when frost and snow halted all labour on the land he hauled wood for fuel from the neighbouring forest. He had time now to take stock. He had built a house and stable; he had fifty acres ready for crop; his cattle and poultry had given their increase; his cellar bulged with potatoes and vegetables. His living was plain and his food lacked variety, but an adventurous merchant had opened a store not many miles away where



The boundless horizon of the prairie,—wheat as far as the eye can see. On a farm at Rockyford, Alberta.



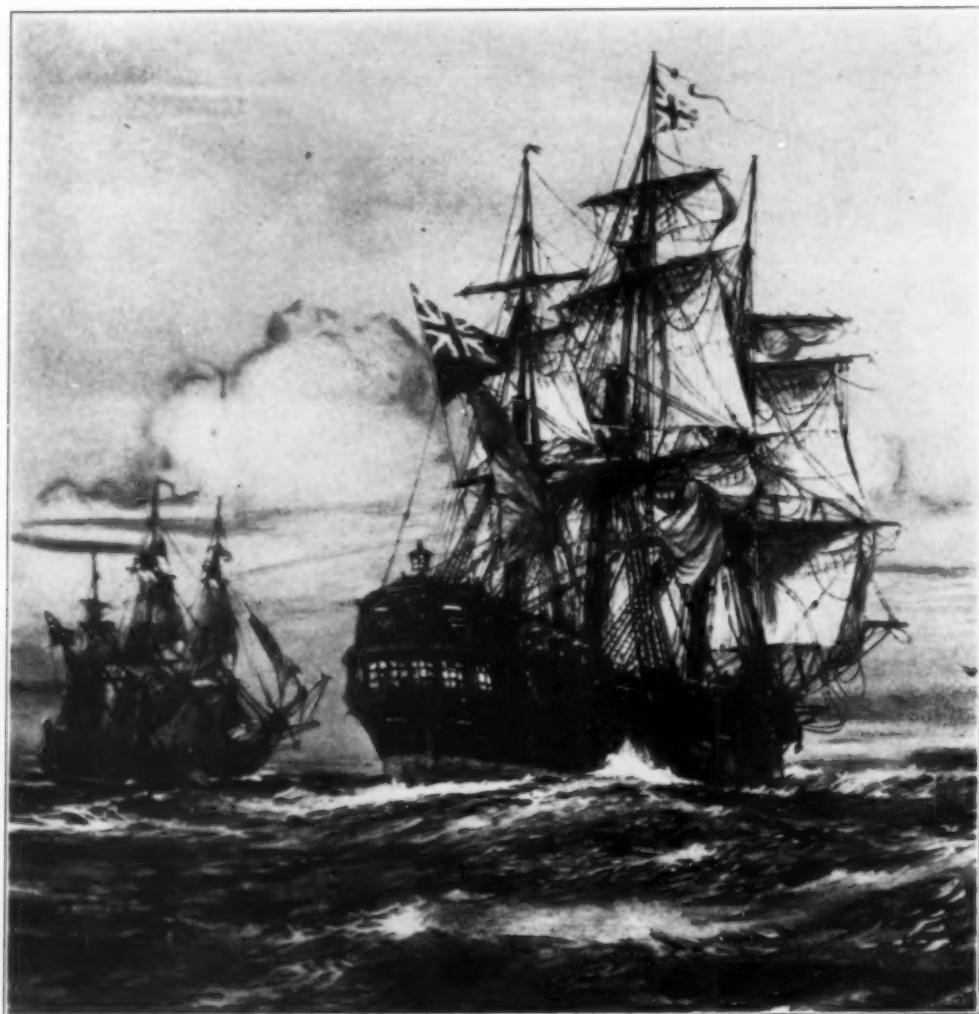
What the prairie homestead has become today.

luxuries which are now called necessities could be had upon occasion. A flour-mill had been built within thirty miles, and a doctor could now be called at the same reasonable distance. There was a mail service to the store once a week. In the dazzling Winter mornings from the door of his house he could count the ascending spirals of smoke from half-a-dozen neighbours' cabins. Those ascending spirals gave a strange sense of comradeship, of compactness, of community solidarity. They represented so many toe-holds on the edge of a new world ripe for conquest. Already a meeting

had been held to consider the organization of a school district in the Spring, and assurances had been received that a branch-line railway would be pushed forward with all speed during the coming summer.

David Stark and his wife, and all the thousands they typify, are disintegrating in the soil they won from the wilderness. But their bones ask no patronage of any steam-heated generation. They laid, well and truly, the foundations of the Prairie Provinces of Canada.





The sight that met Magurura and his tribe as His Majesty's ships "Resolution" and "Discovery" rounded the point into Nootka Sound in 1778.

From the picture by J. Spalding, copyrighted by the Canadian Bank of Commerce



Looking up Nootka Sound. Captain Cook and his crew were the first white men to discover this scene.

A Quatsino Legend

By B. W. LEESON

THE many inlets and deep sounds of the west coast of Vancouver Island recall the coast of Norway. To complete the resemblance needs only the grassy clearings, villages and hamlets of the old settled country. To the traveller on the weekly steamer, the outstanding trait of the land is the evergreen that covers its surface — a dark green forest of spruce, cedar and hemlock. In the past, the only breaks in this continuous green were the picturesque villages of the natives on sheltered beaches in the nooks and harbours of the large sounds.

One hundred and fifty-five years ago, as that resolute navigator Captain Cook swung on to the port tack to make the entrance to Friendly Cove, the scene to the right was exactly as we see it now looking up Nootka Sound. All eyes aboard that first ship were riveted on

the amazing scene before them. Lining the circle of the cove was a row of great, square-faced houses, built of elaborately carved and decorated cedar slabs.

Friendly Cove, the first point touched by Captain Cook, has a memorial cairn erected to commemorate that event, and has become a point of special interest for the tourist. There are many other Indian settlements between Cape Beale and Cape Scott. The largest tribes of this west coast are located from Cape Cook south, numbering seventeen in this one agency, with a total population of something over 1600.

From Cape Cook north to Cape Scott — the extreme point of the Island — we are still on the west coast, but we find an entirely different people, different language, ceremonies and legends. The great peninsula of Cape Cook, jutting out into the Pacific, seems to have

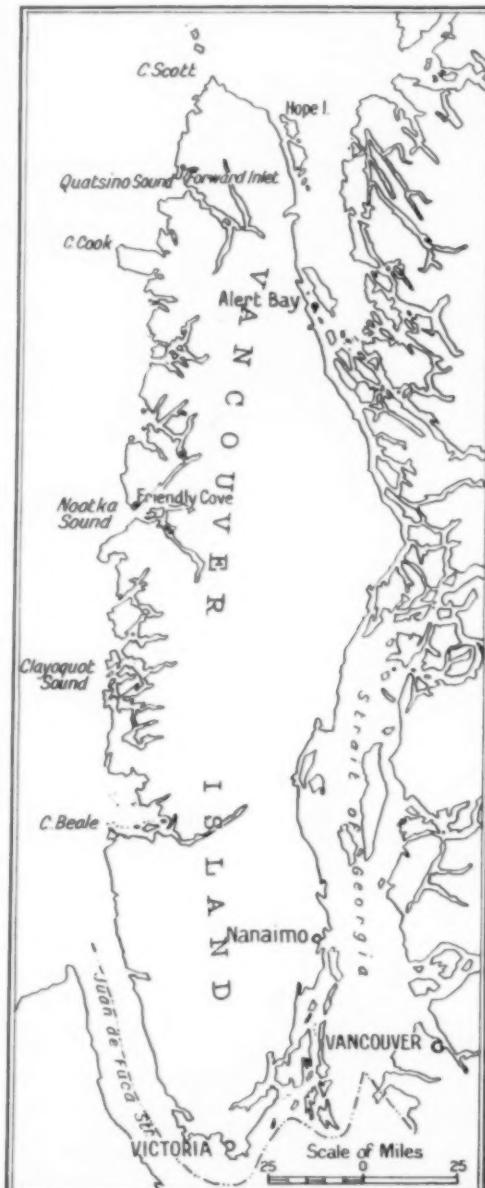
caused a complete separation. These people speak the language of the northeast shore of the Island and of the adjacent mainland, and are in the Alert Bay agency. The deep sound of Quatsino here nearly cuts Vancouver Island in two. This sound, with a sheltered shoreline of two hundred miles, is named after the Quatsino tribe located on Forward Inlet at the entrance to the main sound. One other tribe, the Koskimo, includes all that are left on this most northerly sound of Vancouver Island and these have dwindled to forty-six souls; but the shores of the sound show numberless signs of villages in the dim past.

It is with the Quatsino and Koskimo peoples of the large inland waters of Quatsino Sound that the writer has had most to do; through a strong interest in anthropology he has unearthed many quaint legends, during a long residence in the district. The legend bearers of the tribe are usually the chiefs, or those most advanced intellectually. Tyee Cas-e-lus (Tyee means chief) of the Quatsinos was an early and lucky find in the search for tales or reminiscences; the old man died a few years ago. Jim, as he was named

by a sealing captain, became a respected friend, and I heard him tell many legends. Like other chiefs on the west coast Jim was a fine native orator; the practice at the pot-latches and large gatherings had greatly developed this talent in the older generations — a talent which is now, dying out. The old Tyee once remarked, "The white man has brought me nothing to take the place of the native ways of my forefathers". The pot-lach and ceremonial performances in the great native houses of forty years ago have passed forever.

Two or three hundred people squatted all around the place with no light but the great fire in the centre, shooting its sparks beyond the enormous round centre beam, the colour of ebony, that supported the whole roof. Holding this beam up at each end were the two high totems of the family. A subject that only a Rembrandt could depict — the fire-light played on the carvings of Jim's totem behind him and on the animated faces of his audience in the red light and dark shadows of the big house. The old

Tyee stood there with all the assurance of his office, clad in a blanket, one corner over his shoulder, the other



tucked in around his waist leaving his arms and legs free for gesture of which he was a past master. On his head was a crown of fine cedar bark, and dyed a dark red of the hemlock.

In the possession of the writer is a bit of evidence of the existence of people here for centuries at least. It is a unique carved sandstone dish found by J. L. Leeson at the upper end of Forward Inlet under the recently turned-up root of a fallen Sitka spruce; shell in the soil denoted an ancient native village. The tree, several hundred years old, had grown over the find.



The sin-atsa, great medicine man of the Kwawkewlth and Koskemo. He comes into the village at potlatch times. Savagely entering the house where the ceremony is taking place, he is held by four or five of the strongest young men and has been known to break away and jump right over the five. The band on the shoulder is his insignia of office. This was a difficult photograph to obtain. Yacou-tle, the Indian, was well paid, and the others of the tribe were not to know.

Like most natives, the Quatsinos have a quaint story of creation, and a Great Spirit with wonderful powers. From Jim's interpretation, this spirit, whom he called At-Tu, was a just, benign spirit. Only a brief summary of this tradition and one legend can be given here.

A lot of strange beings were gathered at the low peninsula we know as Cape Scott. At the beginning it was very dark, the sun right down against the water, when a big man with many hundred teeth came among them, went out and, caught four whales, and gave a potlatch. Then he made them sing



A present day group of Indians on a west coast cannery wharf.

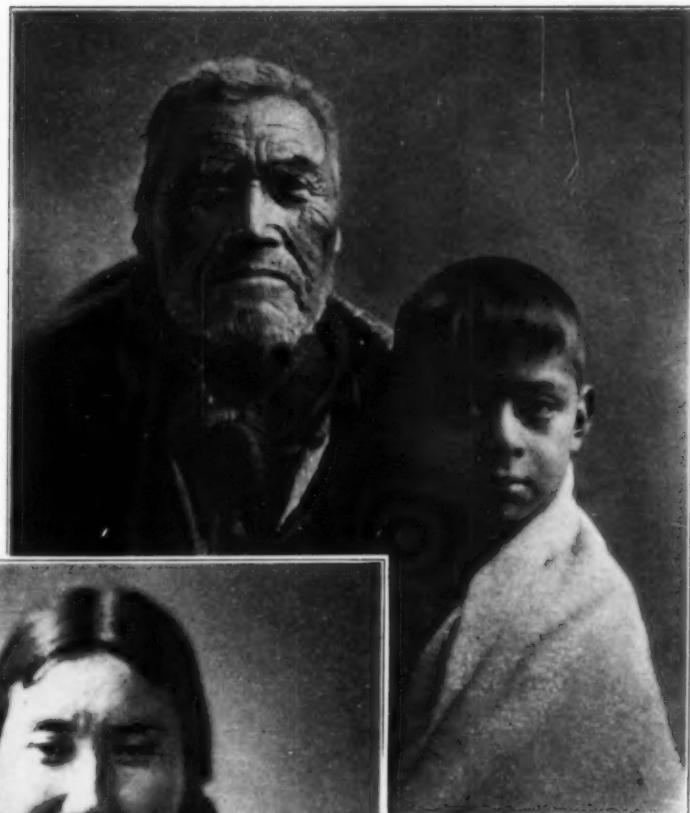


Ar-tatse, named after the heroine who was swallowed by the great snake. The last one to have her head bound.



and while they sang he went out and pushed the sun up to where it is now. It was now light, and he could see those queer people well. Some had long hair over their bodies, some were walking with their hands on the ground, others had just two long teeth. At-Tu (for this was the first appearance of the Great Spirit) felt sorry for them and those that were bent over he set up straight. He took the hair off their body, and gave each person thirty-two teeth. He then showed them how to take the bark of the cedar and make clothing, and how to make fire.

A Quatsino grandmother. This photograph was taken in 1913 and the subject had the longest head among the Quatsinos at that time. A tight bandage over the forehead and around the back, is put on the young baby, causing the skull to grow into this shape. The old woman was quite keen and intelligent for a native.



Tommy and his grandfather. Tommy now runs a large fishing boat.



"A West Coast Madonna". This Quatsino boy now runs a gas engine on a large fishing boat and is quite an expert.

The word Quatsino means the people of the outside or 'out around the cape' bestowed upon them by At-Tu. How these tribes became separated; how the binding of the head of children started; and how At-Tu began his marvellous trip around the Island, are the themes of interesting legends.

A legend is illustrated by a carved totem doorway at the Koskimo village. It recounts the saving of the Nuwitti tribe from the great Ko-Ma. This tribe now lives around Hope Island off the north-

This was a rather proud old dame with many ornaments made from gold coins. The two in front were beaten by the natives, out of twenty dollar gold pieces. In this case she had wanted the English words put on "Mrs. Wallace, chief". The usual work on the bracelets and brooches are native designs and are becoming rare.



This old Quatsino lady, popularly known as "Old Susan", was of a very kindly disposition and was greatly liked by the white people.

east coast, and is partly affiliated with the Koskimo.

Another legend was usually recited after the evening meal, for the entertainment of the visitors. The weird surroundings of the firelit faces and totems must be imagined. As the feast draws to an end many shouts come from different parts of the house, and a young lad beings out from the foot of the totem the "Nan-nork-sum" and "Nan-o-po", a box-like seat and rod, both carved and blackened with age. Jim informed the writer that as soon as he



At the potlach ceremony the Tyee sometimes has his own special dish to eat from. This one illustrates an interesting legend of the Kyu-guoto, of how they caught their first whale. The dish, now in the writer's possession, represents the great chief Ku-la, riding the whale, and the native artist has endeavoured to show how Ku-la was towed across the great Pacific and back again.



Chief Cas-e-lus of the Quatsino; "Old Jim", responsible for many interesting tales. A three-quarter life-size portrait of Jim, from this negative, and a companion subject, were done in colors and presented to Lord and Lady Willingdon when they vis'ed Quatsino.

grasped the Nan-o-po the stories come to him easily.

This legend is chosen, partly in consequence of the conflicting opinions in regard to the Government stopping

the 'potlatch'. Many people considered the act unwise. The old chief of the Quatsino was strongly opposed. It appears, that the native understands that the potlatch was purely altruistic. The



Lady Warcase. During the ceremonial chants or songs, it is the duty of one to give out each line or verse. On such occasions it was this woman who was always called upon for this service as she had all the old stories and ancient deeds of the tribe stored in her memory.

main points of the story were verified later by the Nuwitti people.

The Nuwitti people built many houses along the shore near the mouth of a river (now known as Gash creek) to get fresh water to drink. Although

they still retained many of the names and ways of the Quatsino they had become different and bad. They had forgotten the rules of the Great Spirit At-Tu, as to how to hunt and fish for a living and give the surplus to their



Paying for the bride; unloading the blankets after the songs and speeches.



All the native houses have a veranda, or sun-room in front, extending partly over the back. The Indian owner of this "home of the whale" decided to have more of his totems in evidence.



Cairn at Friendly Cove, to commemorate the visit of Captain Cook in 1778. Photograph by W. Lord, Jr.



A photographic study —— the passing of the old Hudson Bay blanketed Indian or "Siwash".



A Quatsino morning. The wife of Cas-e-lus off for clam digging on an early tide. This is the Quatsino build of canoe. All the canoes south of Cape Cook have the square or upright stern, known as the "nooka" build. The view is looking up the southeast arm of Quatsino Sound.



A pollack group at Quatsino village. All the young people were quite willing to be photographed but the older ones proved difficult, and presents had to be given to some to persuade them, while others would not be persuaded at all. These were the natives of Quatsino Sound in 1900. "Lucy Moon" of the story is in the centre of the second row. "Jim" is seen in the back row wearing a black fur cap.

neighbours. They had become selfish and aggressive. Instead of hunting they preferred to raid and rob neighbouring tribes. In their own affairs the craftier ones gradually acquired the wealth of their own people, leaving others to do all the work while they idled.

The houses of the Nuwitti faced the big waters. It was very flat here. A long way back inland the tide went up the river, and the people had to go far up to get fresh water. At the end of the tide a short swift river came down from a large lake. One morning three young men, putting their gourds made of the bladder of the sea-lion into their canoe, went up to get the water for the day. The other members of the family after a time, began to wonder

why they did not come back. Some of them took another canoe and went to look for them. It was well on in the afternoon before it was discovered that some had gone from nearly every house and had not returned.

The people in the village were now greatly excited and Ne-mook, the old Tyee of the Nuwitti, called everybody into his house for a conference. It was decided that some of the young strong men would go up the river and find out what had happened. This lot, also, never returned. The next morning the village was almost deserted. But the people still had no water to quench their thirst, others started off, but did not return. For nearly six suns the same thing often happened until Ne-mook



[The old boy with the pipe is telling the tale. A typical scene in the summer in a rough shelter, set up at some river where they are catching and curing dog salmon for the winter.]



Part of the collection of ceremonial blankets and masks owned by Mr. Cadwallader of Fort Rupert and Hardy Bay.

and his beautiful daughter Ar-tatse were left alone in the village. Ne-mook resolved to take the risk of leaving his beloved daughter behind while he made a reconnaissance. Ar-tatse cried, for she thought her father would never return like the rest. With great difficulty Ne-mook finally persuaded her to let him go.

As he neared the end of the tide water where the river comes down from the lake in a small falls; he heard a frightful noise coming from the lake above: a sound like the wind or a spray on the beach. The trees waved over his head with the wind. Ne-mook filled the gourd with fresh water and dropped it into the canoe, then started to make his way up the small stream on his hands and knees through the trees and brush.

When he came to the edge of the lake he was shaking with fear. He peered out between the bushes, and saw an

enormous snake, swimming at the farther end of the lake. It opened its mouth and fixed two great, fiery eyes on Ne-mook. Frightened he went back to the canoe, tumbling and rolling all the way. If he reached the canoe again the power of the monster would not injure him. Jumping into his canoe, he paddled for his life. Ar-tatse was happy when she saw the canoe at the end at the bend in the river, and she ran to meet her father. Ne-mook, explained what he had seen. They both knew that the great Ko-ma had devoured all their people, and that they alone were left of the Nuwitti.

One day, about six suns later, when the water was again getting low and they were downhearted, Ar-tatse saw a man coming along the beach, who had found all the houses deserted. No smoke rose from the roofs, the canoes were still on the beach; something must be wrong. He saw Ne-mook and his



Wal-tes, village of the Koskimo, photographed in 1915; a transition period in native building; the "white man's lumber and windows" being put in the larger houses.

daughter, and wanted to know where the others had gone. Ne-mook told him about the monster up in the lake. The stranger asked what they had done that this great snake should come and eat them up. Ne-mook said he did not know, but the friendly eyes of the stranger looked right through him, and he began to be afraid. The other asked, "Have you only hunted and fished and potlatched your neighbours, or have you ceased to work and been robbing them?"

Ne-mook put his head down, for he was guilty. The stranger then explained that he was At-Tu who had pushed the sun up so that it would warm them, who had given them the fish, the whales, all the animals, together with the roots and berries to live on, who had said they were to work and get these things for themselves. What they could not use they were to give to their neighbours. Always, when they did not do this, Ko-ma would come.

Ne-mook and Ar-tatse trembled while the stranger saw that Ne-mook was sorry. He said that he would give them their people back if he would send his daughter up the river to the Ko-ma to be eaten. At-Tu, seeing how afraid they were, took off his belt which was made of the skin of the shark, covered with shining shells and stones, and putting this around Ar-tatse he said "This will protect you and the Ko-ma will die!" As the girl looked at the stranger she felt less afraid. The belt made her feel brave. She started off to the canoe while Ne-mook struggled to hold her back. The old Tyee was

frightened when he saw his daughter paddle off up the river to be swallowed by this great Ko-ma. He was left alone and wished he were dead. A great noise echoed among the hills. At-Tu said after a long silence "Let us go up and see!"

He and Ne-mook paddled the canoe up the river, the noise becoming louder and louder. Pushing through the brush to the edge of the lake, they saw the beast in its death struggle, the water of the lake boiling over. Walking around to the other side of the lake they found that the terrible Ko-ma had thrown up all the bones of the Nuwitti people on to the shore, and the beatiful Ar-tatse stood there.

Ar-tatse walked over among the bones, gathered them up and put them together again, two arms and two legs to each body. Ne-mook and Ar-tatse stood watching them. When he had all the bones in place he took from under his cloak a small box. Going over to the river that came into the lake he filled the box with water. When he came there he took the box in one hand and, dipping the other in the water, he sprinkled the bones. As soon as the water touched them they were immediately clothed in flesh and came to life. At last all the Nuwitti people were alive and on their feet once more, but some had long legs where they had short before, some short arms where long before; while others had one long arm and one short. The Nuwitti people for that reason have always been noted for their deformities, some very tall and some very short.





Maori woman and child, Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand.

Land of the Maori

By JAMES COWAN

MANY travellers have been impressed by the fine dramatic quality of the landscape introduction to New Zealand's hydro-thermal and volcanic region. Nature's stage setting is perfect. There is a curtain of bush, the sweet green tangled forest of Maoriland, covering the range over which the railway and motor road climb towards the end of the journey from Auckland city. Then emerging from this cool and pleasant belt of woodland, nearly a thousand feet below, there is revealed a great valley saucer the middle of which is filled by a beautiful blue lake, with a romantically shaped island in its centre. From the far side of the valley rise the steam clouds of hot springs, and beyond again, there is a glimpse of another lake. Wooden hills rim the saucer, green cultivations and many groves and gleaming white houses stand out against the blue and grey picture of Nature's painting. On the right a mountain of bold and sweeping outline; in the distance other mountains, no two cast in the same shape.

Soon the train is down on the plain, and in a few minutes one is in a pretty town, spread leisurely over the lakeside levels. Here is Rotorua, not merely a spa — though the reputation of its medicinal springs brings invalids from near

and far — but the capital of the wide thermal district, and the business centre of the growing farming province. Thousands of people come here for the pleasure of travel in a novel region, a land full of scenic surprises and thrills, and fishermen find here, and in Taupo waters, the best of sport in angling.

Rotorua is a pleasant place, a well designed town. Long before there was talk of town planning in New Zealand, the principle was put into practice here by the Government. The streets are wide, and all run at right angles to one another, there is room to expand, room for the city this Rotorua will be some day. It is modern in its accommodations, and in all the details of a spa town, and side by side with this there are the unusual features of Maori life, the hot springs and geysers, the carved houses, the artistic side of the old time life that still picturesquely persists. There is a lovely lake at one's door, there are chains of other lakes, and there are within easy motoring distance many a strange and uncanny place, the wonder-valleys that give Geyserland its name and fame.

Lake Taupo is only a few hours away; the whole thermal region can be traversed in a day's motor journey as far as the Tongariro National Park; roads radiate to all parts of the island.



Maori child in one of the hot pools at Rotorua.



"Hongi", the Maori salutation; often called 'rubbing noses', but it is usually accompanied by a hand shake and a low murmuring of greeting.

There is, to mention one travel route of an unusual quality of beauty, the new road through the Urewera Country to Lake Waikaremoana. This highway, cut through the forests and over the ranges, opens up a wild and primitive region, where the tourist penetrates the least-

touched and richest forest left in the North Island, and has glimpses, moreover, of uncommonly interesting phases of Maori life.

The Rotorua-Taupo thermal region may be described as a great tableland embossed with mountains of volcanic



Maori women getting water below Papakura Geyser.

origin and bold romantic shapes; blue painted with many lakes, and veined with many rivers. For a hundred miles this territory is pierced with steam vents and geyser pipes and boiling pool crevices, through which the heat of the underworld finds escape and play; steam holes and hot springs in unaccountable number. Only a comparative few of the

vast number of hot mineralized springs have been brought into use for the purpose of healing, but those spas that have been established there for many years have wrought wonders in the restoration of health to rheumatic and other sufferers. Rotorua is the central spa, a place where medicinal science has made marvellously effective use of the



Feeding the Tohunga, the priest or teacher, who is charged with the instruction of the sons of chiefs in traditions, genealogies, legends, songs and poems.

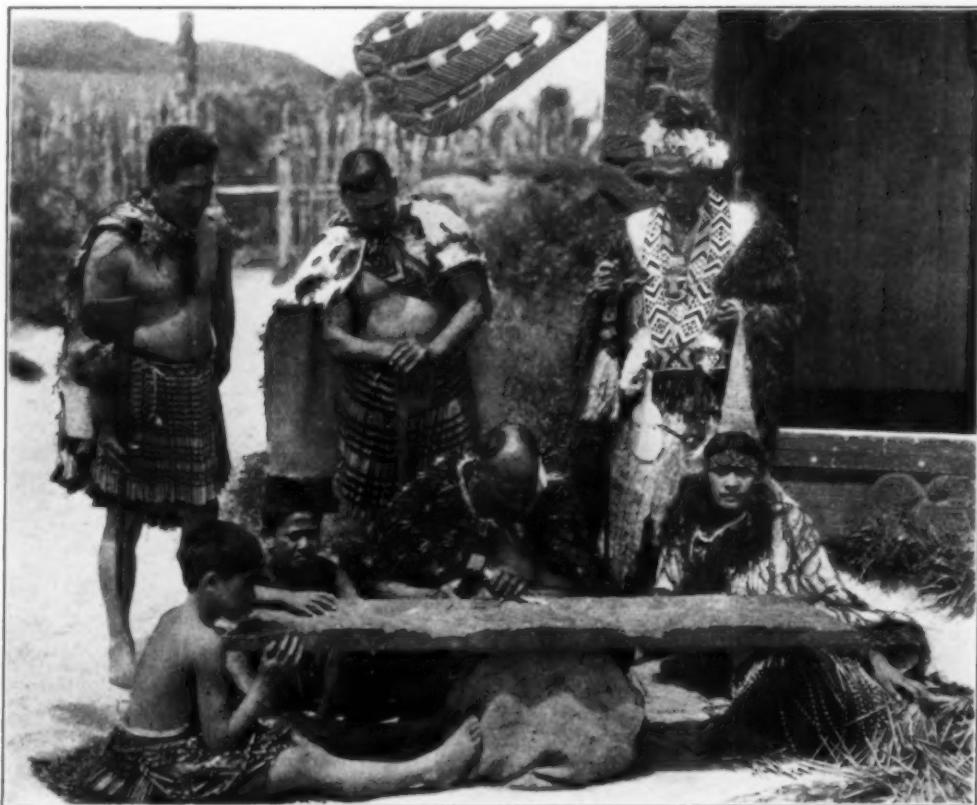
limitless flow of hot sulphur and saline and acid waters. Apart from their healing virtues, they have other qualities as deliciously soft and soothing bathing waters. It is a sensation never to be forgotten to lie at luxurious ease in some of these natural baths in the coral-like sinter; and one is tempted to spend hours there, like the natives of the country, once one enters the soft, silky silica springs that the Maoris call "wai-ariki" and "lordly waters!"

The Maori has always had a liking for the pleasant "wai-ariki". At Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa and many other places in the Rotorua-Taupo country he fixed his home right in the midst of boiling springs and warm bathing pools. The women cook their food in the boiling "ngawha"; the people like to gather for a soak in the "wai-ariki" in the evenings after work is done. The children in some places spend half their waking hours in the warm pools; there

are surely no cleaner youngsters in the world than these brown urchins of Geyserland.

In the famous Geyser Valley of Whakarewarewa there is a large boiling pool, once a spouting geyser, which supplies a bath popularly called the oil bath, because of its pleasing effect on the skin. The water does not contain oil but a very fine silica which imparts the softest thin coating to the bather. "Time goes by the other way" as one lies in such a bath, and particularly delicious are the silky waters after a tiring day's journey.

Some of these warm bathing springs scattered so profusely over the face of lakeland and geyserland are idyllic beauty-spots. An example comes to mind in the wai-ariki called Manupirua, on the shore of Lake Rotoiti. The hot spring issues from under the huge roots of an ancient pohutukawa tree, with an oak-like spread of branches, on the



Maori Carver at work, Rotorua. The natives of New Zealand have a great degree of artistic skill in wood carving and here an expert is demonstrating his craft to some children.

side of a hill just above a little bay with a beach of snow-white pumice sand.

In midsummer that grand old tree is ablaze with crimson flowers which are mirrored in the waters of the pool below the source of the spring. There is a slightly lower pool, this is for the Maori temporarily under the mystic spell of tapu, a kind of spiritual quarantine.

Rotomahana, a lake whose waters are boiling in places — you feel the thud of a sub-aqueous geyser against your motor-launch here — is a strange overpowering place. Its cliffs are a marvel — steaming from water to skyline, pitted with hot springs, yet rich with ferns and shrubs, all dripping with hot water and coloured like a pantomime fairyland.

The Waiotapu Valley is one of the valleys of colour and rich vegetation, and of perpetual boil and bubble, that await the traveller's exploration.

This place of wonders has a remarkable gateway as one goes from Rotorua. Two high mountains guard it, standing like huge sentries over it. One is the sharp-topped peak locally called Rainbow Mountain, and the name certainly seems appropriate when one first sets eyes on its strangely coloured sides, all scarred and shattered by ancient steam explosions, and displaying rocks of varied colours. It almost seemed to blaze at one, so vivid and sharply contrasted were the tints of its clays and its rhyolite rock faces. It looked like a pyramid exhaling little curls of woolly smoke, as one saw it in the early morning, steaming gently from foot to pyramid crest. The valley is full of curious sights, coloured boiling pools, little geysers, glittering cliffs of alum crystals, steaming streams, glinting silica terraces. An even more spectacular place is Orakei Korako, further towards Lake Taupo, where the dark



In the heart of the Geyser Country.

blue Waikato River comes plunging through a wild rocky valley with geysers and hot springs sending up spray and steam along the banks, and with snowy terraces gleaming against the deep green vegetation. This is a wild place still, a silent sanctuary of wonders in an unpeopled part of the Thermal Country.

At Tokaanu, at the South End of Lake Taupo, are groups of very active springs and some intermittent geysers, and myriads of steam jets and boiling pools are indicated by the wreaths of steam which continually rise from the vapour soaked hillside of Hipaua. There high on the slopes of Mt. Tongariro are

the Ketetahi Springs, celebrated among the Maoris for their curative powers, the last but not least valuable of the thousands of health-renewing natural fountains of mineralised hot water which well up all over this enchanted thermal region.

A strange land this, a very beautiful one for all its often horrifying manifestations of Nature's ugliest moods, its mud cauldrons forever swirling and sputtering, its waters boiling, seven times heated, its sudden outbursts of fury. These geysers and fumaroles and boiling pools, and 'even the smoking crater of Ngauruhoe south away yonder, are of positive benefit to the country



A beautifully carved Maori storehouse. These are used for the keeping of objects of special value and are built on posts for protection against rats.

inasmuch as they are all safety valves and vents for the confined steam forces of the Underworld.

It is the safest of regions for a permanent home, as well as for travel, and everywhere there is beauty, in the lakes with their fringing forests, their lands, their headlands, and their neighbouring mountains cast in all manner of strange volcanic shapes.

It is not possible in the compass of a short article to indicate all the curious places the traveller should endeavour to see. Wairakei, with its groups of geysers, its great fumaroles, its fantastic wealth of colouring wrought by thermal heat, is the most visited of the valleys south of Rotorua.

A few miles away, on the other side of the Waikato river, which rolls splendidly through this wide chaotic region, is a geyser which is a marvel even in this region of countless strange sights. It is the Crow's Nest Geyser, which shoots up at regular intervals without the slightest premonitory symptoms, in which point it differs from most other puias, as the Maoris call the geysers. It throws its glittering jet of boiling water and spray thirty and forty feet and sometimes higher into the air; and the deep cold Waikato flows by within a few feet. When the river is high, in the season of floods, the eruptions are more frequent between the rising of the river and the activity



The Maori women are deft weavers. Feathers are used extensively in their characteristic designs.



Maoris cooking in a hot pool. In some places, cold and hot pools are in such close proximity that it is possible to catch a trout in one and cook it in the other.

of the puia, is an interesting topic for amateur scientific investigation. Where the traveller can advance so many theories about their geyser action, it would be a pity to lay down any dogmatic explanations, with the exception, perhaps, of one which the present writer once heard from a Taupo Maori. He declared that when the Waikato River was in flood much cold water soaked through the pumice and rocky bank, and ran down the geyser's throat. This made it "werry wild" and so it spouted all the more furiously in order to rid itself of the overdose of river water. Possibly this is a clearer explanation of the basic principle of local geyser action than that which most pakaha visitors can offer.

The most wonderful of all water sheets is the little lake which occupies the central crater of Mount Ruapehu. Here at an altitude of between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, is a strange conjunction of perpetual snow and thermal heat.

Ruapehu, slanting up massive and symmetrical from the tussock plains, and the forests of the central plateau, sometimes becomes active to the extent of an eruption of boiling water and sulphur and mud. These ebullitions do no harm, most of it ejected falls back into the ice slopes and snow-fields, or on to the crater lake again. This alpine lake is really an intermittent geyser and the most singular thing about it is that it is surrounded by cliffs of solid ice. The heat from the lake — which is sometimes frozen over, but often boiling, — melts the blocks of ice as they tumble into the water, and the surplus waters are carried off by subterranean channels and form the source of a sulphurous river, the Whangaehu. In contrast to this mineral spring are the many clear, dashing streams which have their sources in the snows of the beautiful mountains — strong rivers whose waters flow for hundreds of miles through the island.



Tohunga tattooing Maori girl. It is a painful process, accomplished with a bone chisel, but the designs are artistic and highly prized.

Editor's Note Book

This Month's Contributors

Robert James Campbell Stead got his earliest impressions of life on a prairie farm, and has put some of them into his novels, "The Homesteader", "The Cowpuncher", "Smoking Flax" and "Grain". He is at present Director of Publicity of the Department of Immigration and Colonization in Ottawa.

Marius Barbeau, who has contributed several articles to the *Journal*, is the fortunate possessor of a rare combination of talents, scholarship, imagination, and the ability to put his knowledge and ideas into clear and attractive English. He writes with both penetration and sympathy on the characteristics of his own people.

James Cowan, author and journalist, of Wellington, New Zealand, has written numerous books

on the subjects of life and travel in the Dominion and Maori-Polyesian history and folklore. The son of pioneer settlers on the Waikato frontier, he has a practical acquaintance with all aspects of border life and has made an intensive

study of the life and lore of the native race.

B. W. Leeson, whose home is at Quatsino, is not only an enthusiastic and very clever amateur photographer, but has given a great deal of study to the history, legends and characteristics of the Indians of the west coast of Vancouver Island.



James Cowan

Kipling's India

The recent publication of such books as Cadogan's "India We Saw", Sinclair's "Foot-loose in India", Thomas' "Land of the Black Pagoda" and Yeats-Brown's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer", and the pictures they offer of present-day India, make one realize the extent of the changes that have been taken place in that amazing country since the period described in the books of Rudyard Kipling. And yet Kipling is only 68, and the period about which he wrote would be nothing more than yesterday in a less rapidly changing world. In any event, to understand what is happening in India to-day it is important to read again those books of the Eighties and Nineties, "Plain Tales from the Hills", "Soldiers Three", and the rest of them, that belong to the days before Ghandi.

The Boundary Question

One still hears not too well informed Canadians lamenting with indignation the iniquity of Lord Ashburton in negotiating with Daniel Webster the Treaty of 1842 that settled the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. The fact is that an attempt had been made some years before to dispose of this difficult problem. A considerable area was in dispute, lying between the boundary contended for by Great Britain and that claimed by the United States. Finally it was agreed to abide by the judgment of an European monarch. The king finally decided that so many square miles should be awarded to the United States and so many to Canada. The Senate of the United States, however, after an acrimonious debate, refused to sanction the award. Now the interesting point is that by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty Canada eventually got considerably more territory than she would have got had the arbitrator's award been accepted by the United States Senate.

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On Mosquitoes

Somewhere in his *In Search of England* Mr Morton complains bitterly that he was much bothered by mosquitoes. That came as a surprise, as the Editor has certainly heard more than one Englishman brag that there were no mosquitoes in England. Indeed it has been an accepted theory, in explanation of the fact that Englishmen newly arrived in Canada suffer much more from the bites of mosquitoes than those who have spent their lives in this country, that Canadians acquired a measure of immunity, while the faces and hands of old-countrymen were to the mosquito what might be called virgin soil. Another odd theory is that the farther south you go the worse the mosquito, as witness the renowned insect of New Jersey, and the famous gallinipper of Louisiana. Unfortunately for the theory, we have the assurance of travellers that nothing could very well be more ferocious than the mosquito that flourishes in the far north during the short but intense Arctic summer. Indeed anyone familiar with the literature of northern travel and exploration must remember the wails of those who had met and been vanquished by the Arctic mosquito. One got the impression that the average man would be much happier with a polar bear. As a matter of fact the irritating bite of a mosquito, and its still more irritating song, are much the same, whether one meets the vicious little female on the Equator or in the Arctic.

A Visitor from Iceland

A resident of Bradore Bay, Quebec, a little village near the west end of the strait of Belle Isle, while out hunting flushed a drake pintail from a small pond and shot it. When he picked up his bird he was surprised to find a small ring of aluminum on one of its legs. On examination he discovered that the band bore a name and Danish address stamped on it. The band was preserved and later shown to a member of the Migratory Bird protection staff of the Department of the Interior. The matter was reported to Ottawa and as a result of the inquiries instituted in Denmark it was revealed that the duck had been banded when yet a duckling on June 30, 1930, in Aldaldal, northern Iceland.

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The Changing North

In the Editor's mail a day or two ago was found a brightly coloured time-table that illustrates so strikingly the amazing development in transportation in Northern Canada in the last few years that he feels impelled to describe it, even though he may thereby give a free advertisement to that most ancient of trading corporations, the Hudson's Bay Company. The time-table gives the provisional schedule of sailings of the Company's steamboats from Waterways, on the Athabasca River, terminus of the railway from Edmonton, to Lake Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and down the mighty Mackenzie to those historic trading posts Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman, Fort Good Hope, Fort

McPherson, and Aklavik, on the Arctic. The traveller, if he is in a hurry, may go north by steamer and return by aeroplane, or vice versa. The steamers have comfortable cabins, electric light, fans and refrigerators; the traveller is promised spring chicken and fresh vegetables within the Arctic Circle; and he may send wireless messages from any of the far northern posts. Oh, shade of Sir George Simpson, could you have dreamed of such wild luxuries when you travelled across the continent in your express canoe!

Canada's Walled Town

No more delightful time can be found for visiting the ancient capital of Canada than midsummer. Quebec is worth seeing at any time, but it is now at its best. Whether one wanders about the narrow, cobbled streets, or around the battlements that suggest the romance and conflict of the old régime, or over the Plains of Abraham with their memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, or finds some point of vantage from which to enjoy the exquisite views of river and island, woodland and mountain, the experience is one that can never be forgotten. At the present time an additional interest is lent to the old walls of Quebec by reason of the fact that the federal government is giving work to hundreds of unemployed men in rebuilding and restoring parts of them that had got into a dangerous state of disrepair.

The Niagara Frontier

The Niagara frontier from the earliest times was a region of strategic importance. If one looks at the old French maps one finds a succession of once-famous forts, some military others connected with the fur trade. After Canada became British, these were replaced by other posts, British on one side of the river and American on the other. The earliest of these establishments was Fort Niagara, on the right

bank of the river near its mouth. It was a log structure surrounded by a stockade, built by La Motte for La Salle in 1678 to control the fur trade. The fort was rebuilt by Denonville in 1686 and abandoned two years later. It was again rebuilt under Vaudreuil in 1721, and in 1755-56 was replaced by a stone fort, built by troops under the direction of Captain Pouchot, of the Béarn Regiment. This fort surrendered to Sir William Johnson in September, 1759. According to the Jesuit Relations a village of the Neutral Indians known as Onguiachra stood in the early days of the French period on the left bank of the river opposite Fort Niagara. An Indian trail ran from Onguiachra to the Detroit River, part of which many years later became incorporated in the Talbot Road.

Toronto of Old

It is perhaps salutary that the towns in which we have made our homes, and of which we are more or less justly proud, should be subjected occasionally to the criticism of outsiders; but undoubtedly this criticism is easier to bear when the criticism was made a century or more ago. One can feel complacently that, if the criticism was just, it was the fault of our forefathers, not of ourselves. And so, on previous occasions having described the impressions Quebec and Montreal made on travellers of long ago, it is appropriate to present here the rather jaundiced views of Francis Hall, of the Light Dragoons, as to the merits of Toronto, or York as it was in 1816.

"York" he says "is a place of considerable importance — in the eyes of its inhabitants; to a stranger, however, it presents little more than about one hundred wooden houses, several of them conveniently and even elegantly built, and I think one, or perhaps two, of brick. The public buildings were destroyed by the Americans; but as no ruins of them are visible, we must conclude either that the destruction exceeded the desolation of Jerusalem, or that the loss to the arts is not quite irreparable. I believe they did not leave one stone upon another, for they did not find one. Before the city a long flat tongue of land runs into the lake, called Gibraltar Point, probably from

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being very unlike Gibraltar. York, wholly useless, either as a port or a military post, would sink into a village, and the seat of government be transferred to Kingston, but for the influence of those whose property in the place would be depreciated by the change."

Ambergris—Treasure Trove

In an article entitled "Floating Gold" in the May-June number of *Natural History*, a good deal of interesting information is brought together about that very valuable product of the sperm whale, ambergris. One incident may be quoted: "In Barbados a market-bound black girl lowered a basket of live poultry from her head, and sat down to rest upon a rock on the beach. She presently found that her cotton dress has stuck dismally to the rock. An apothecary learned of the incident, and garnered a block of the best grey ambergris weighing 1400 ounces, which brought him five pounds 10 shillings per ounce!" One hopes that the lucky apothecary had enough decent feeling to at least give the girl a new dress.

Gatineau River

The Canadian Capital stands on the banks of the Ottawa and Rideau Rivers and faces the mouth of a third stream, the Gatineau. This river, which rises in the north country, not far from the source of the St Maurice, was first seen by Champlain in 1613. It is believed to have been named after a fur-trader of Three Rivers, Nicolas Gatineau, who traded with the Algonquins on the St Maurice and the river that afterwards was given his name. This was in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The first use of the name seems to have been in 1783, when Lieut. David Jones, in a report to Governor Haldimand, mentions coming to "the River Lettinoe (Gatineau) and from thence about a league to Shoadear (Chaudiere) Falls."

Scottish Representative

Members of the Canadian Geographical Society resident in Scotland are advised that the official representative for Scotland is D. Stanley Latto, The Commercial Chambers, 132 Renfrew St., Glasgow, C. 2. Membership fees may be remitted direct to the Journal or through Mr Latto.



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Amongst the New Books

Orkney. The Magnetic North. By J. Gunn.
Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1932.

One associates this group of islands north of Scotland with Stromness and the Hudson's Bay Company, Seapa Flow and the operations of the fleet during the Great War, Viking colonies and the Orkney earldoms, but what comes as a complete surprise to those of us who have never visited the islands is the knowledge that, although they lie almost as far north as the southern tip of Greenland, their winter climate is as mild as that of the Isle of Wight. They enjoy, also, perhaps as equable a climate as can be found anywhere, the annual range being about 16°. This, of course, is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream, that beneficent river in the Atlantic. With their ancient ruins, both prehistoric and Scandinavian, their picturesque cliffs and heaths and fiords, their exquisite colouring and perfect climate, it is exasperating to realize that the Orkneys are so inaccessible to many of us.

* * *

Marches of the North. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company. 1931. \$4.

Colonel Powell, an American who has travelled in and written of many parts of the world, has now produced an attractive book on Canada. He pretty well covers the Dominion, from Cape Breton to the Yukon, and, although his treatment is necessarily rather superficial, gives a fairly accurate account of the country. He even finds space for the little French colony in the Gulf, St Pierre and Miquelon, which has become prosperous under the Eighteenth Amendment. "It would" he remarks dryly "be a very appropriate and graceful gesture if the inhabitants were to show their gratitude by erecting above the harbour a life-size statue of Mr Volstead." Where so much ground is covered there are inevitably a few

minor errors. The isthmus between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is Chignecto, not Chebucto. Alexander Graham Bell developed the telephone in Brantford, Ont., not in Cape Breton. Winnipeg, not Montreal, is the headquarters in America of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Library, but not the Senate, escaped in the fire of 1916 that destroyed the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. The Victoria Museum at the capital is confused with the Public Archives; and the Governor General's Bodyguard, of Toronto, with the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, of Ottawa.

* * *

Raleigh's Last Voyage. Being an account drawn out of contemporary letters and relations, both Spanish and English, of which the most part are now for the first time made public, concerning the voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh, knight, to Guiana in the year 1617 and the fatal consequences of the same. By V. T. Harlow. London: The Argonaut Press 1932. 30/-.

"The justification of the present volume" says Mr Harlow "lies in the fact that it brings together for the first time all the important letters and official documents of English origin relating to the episode, a number of which were not known to previous writers, and at the same time presents entirely new evidence drawn from contemporary Spanish sources." There has been a tendency in the past to unduly emphasize the fact that Raleigh's voyage of 1617 was in search of a gold mine. Mr Harlow's thesis is that this was merely a means to an end, and that Raleigh's settled ambition, persistently pursued from 1595 to his death, was the creation of an empire. That thesis is very clearly and convincingly worked out. From a geographical point of view special interest attaches to the light thrown upon the voyage itself by the new material presented here for the first time.

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MONTREAL, QUE.

In Scarlet and Plain Clothes. By T. Morris Longstreth. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1933. \$2.

Probably no other Canadian organization has aroused so much interest outside the country, and particularly in the United States, as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It has been the subject of innumerable magazine articles and newspaper stories and the theme of many motion pictures and 'talkies', sometimes reasonably accurate, often quite the reverse. It has even had four or five books written about in, in a more serious vein. Mr Longstreth, who writes excellent books for boys, has adopted the effective plan of telling the story of the Police, what they have done and are still doing, and how they do it, through the experiences of a couple of lads who join the Police in 1874, and are out on patrol, here, there, and everywhere.

* * *

Aux Marches de l'Europe. par Jean Bruchési. Montreal: Albert Lévesque. 1932.

Mr. Bruchési, a brilliant member of the younger group of French-Canadian writers, has put into this little book his impressions of travel in Central Europe, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, of the peoples of these countries and how they are solving the difficult problems of the present days.

* * *

An Englishman in America, 1785, Being the Diary of Joseph Hadfield. Edited and Annotated by Douglas S. Robertson. Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company. 1933.

Hadfield was a young Englishman who came to America on business, was a guest of George Washington at Mount Vernon, visited New York and Boston, and by schooner, stage coach, wagon and batteau travelled up the Hudson and by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu to Montreal, where he was entertained by some of the leaders of the fur trade. He went up the St Lawrence with a brigade of batteaux to Oswego and Niagara, meeting parties of United Empire Loyalists,



Rudyard Kipling, one of the greatest of contemporary British writers, whose collected works in the Mandalay Edition, are available to members at specially attractive rates.

who had made their difficult way up from the south and were now about to engage in the equally difficult task of making homes for themselves in the wilderness of what would later be known as Upper Canada. Hadfield then returned to Montreal, and down to Quebec, where he dined with the Governor. The diary gives an excellent picture of life in Canada nearly a century and a half ago, and Mr Robertson has added very much to its value by his careful editing.